

My Last Days in Indonesia

The club was packed with dancing people, loud music blared from the boom box. Here I am, and I have come a long way. This was the day of my farewell party, all of my childhood friends came to say goodbye, and wish me luck for my new life.

Indonesia has been my home for 14 years, and will always be. It was hard for me to part with my family and close friends, but it had to be done, for the good of my own future. Just three months ago, my closest friends and me went to the toilet, to escape history class. Right then and there, I told them I would be leaving soon. Tears brimmed in their eyes, and my heart crumpled, I couldn't believe this was happening either. 9 years have passed since I first met these amazing people.

One day, before my flight to Singapore, I received a pleasant surprise. As I was snugly sleeping under the warm covers, my two best friends came and jumped on me. I screamed, from shock, and I wondered why on Earth they were here! They were great kidnappers, they blindfolded me, and I was brought down to the pool, where I got splashed! My whole class was there; I was genuinely surprised and touched by their gift. They also threw flour, eggs, and milk at me, the Indonesian way to celebrate.

The party made it hard for me to say my goodbyes. Realizing what great friends I have right there, I was wondering whether or not I have made the right choice to leave. I thought about all the fun that we could have together, it was heart breaking.

After a month staying in Singapore, I feel quite glad that I've made this choice. If I had stayed back in Jakarta, I wouldn't have had the chance to meet new people, and experience more from life. Even with many activities going on, I will forever remember my last days in Indonesia.